

Wit and  
Humor

## THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Fiction  
and FactsMR. PEEVED PROTESTS  
Against a Woman's  
Staying Home Too Much  
TO HIS PATIENT WIFE

"PETTY," said Mr. Peeved, sitting down and picking up his paper. "I was talking to Jones today about his wife. She seems to go around a good bit more than you do. Keeps up to date in everything. Made me kind of feel that you were being tied down too much at home."

Mrs. Peeved sniffed. "So honey," went on Mr. Peeved, nervously rattling the paper in his hand, "I just made up my mind you ought to go about a bit more. Don't you fret about me. I have a lot of work down at the office I could do evenings—if I didn't worry so about your being home alone."

Again Mrs. Peeved sniffed. "Now there's Mrs. Harris," went on Mr. Peeved undaunted. "Why, you haven't been to her house in an age. Why don't you take a run up there tomorrow evening?"

"I saw her yesterday," said Mrs. Peeved. "Well how about Nellie Martin? I haven't seen her around for a long time."

"I should say not—Cat," retorted Mrs. Peeved. Then she looked up thoughtfully.

"Jane Terry is giving a bridge tomorrow night," she said. "I'd go if I had a decent waist to wear with my velvet suit."

"Well, get one, get one," said Mr. Peeved. "I'm no tightwad when it comes to you, petty. Go to the bridge and I—I'll finish up my work on the year's accounts."

Mrs. Peeved sniffed. "Will it keep you late?" she queried.

"Pretty late," admitted Mr. Peeved. "You see, petty, there's a lot of work. But if you're having a good time it will be all right. Women ought to go around a bit. Freshens 'em up. Keeps 'em from a rut. That's the way I feel about it."

Mrs. Peeved sewed silently for a moment, then said: "John, you left the tickets for the theater tomorrow night in your other vest. I found them there today when I sewed a button on it."

To Him That Hath  
By LEROY SCOTT

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## CHAPTER XXXVII (Continued).

SOME men are cowards till the battle starts, then they become heroes. When the Mayor and his triumphant bride, radiant, on his arm, paused a moment outside the hall door for the march to begin, he as still the agitated craven. But when he saw within the hall the scores of gorgeous guests and realized that he was the chief figure in this pageant, his spirit and valor flowed back into him; and when Prof. Bachmann's orchestra struck into the wedding march he stepped magnificently forward, throwing to right and left ruddy, benign smiles.

He bared himself grandly through the ceremony; he started the dancing by leading the grand march with Mrs. Hoffman in his most magnificent manner; and at the wedding supper, which was served in an adjoining room, he beamingly responded to the calls for a speech with phrases and flourishes that even he had never before equaled.

At the end of the supper the party resumed dancing, and the Mayor had a chance to pause a moment beside David. He swept a huge, white-gloved hand gracefully about the room, and demanded in an exultant whisper: "Didn't I tell you, friend, that this was going to be the sweetest wedding that ever happened? Well, ain't it?"

The Mayor tapped David's shirt front with his forefinger. "It certainly is the real thing, friend. Nothin' cheap-skate about this, let me tell you. Everything is just so. Why, did you notice, even the waiters wear white gloves? Yes, sir—when I get married, it's done right!" He leaned to within a few confidential inches of David's ear. "And say—have you sized up Carrie? Ain't she simply it? Rich, she makes a moment beside me in this bunch look like a has-been."

A little later, during a lull in the dancing, the Mayor and his bride, who had quietly withdrawn, suddenly appeared in the doorway of the hall, hatted and wrapped.

"Good-by!" boomed the Mayor's mighty voice. "Same luck to you all!" Mrs. Hoffman's finger tips flung a kiss from her cherry lips to the guests, and the Mayor's hand gathered a kiss from amid his own glowing face and bestowed it likewise. The guests rushed forward, but the couple went down the stairs in a flurry into a waiting carriage, and were gone.

The dance continued till early workmen began to clatter through the streets—for in the supper room was a sufficient supply of cold meats and cake and punch and ices to gorge the guests for a week, and Professor Bachmann had been paid to keep his musicians going so long as a dancer remained on the floor. But David slipped away after the bride and groom.

When he got home he found Kate Morgan sitting by Rogers' side. He looked at her in constraint, and she at

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## LORETTA'S LOOKING-GLASS



## SHE HOLDS IT UP TO THE GIRL WHO MARRIES FOR MONEY.

ONE look in the glass tells the story: You married for money. You sold yourself. The marriage ceremony was just a part of the purchase price. To complete the sale you made a lying contract. That lying is the very head and front of your offending, GIRL WHO MARRIED FOR MONEY. But it was the climax of a series of lies. On yes, it was. You lied the rich man's fear of being married for his money into quiescence. No man lives whose dignity—vanity, if you will—will permit him to marry a girl when he thinks she has no appreciation for him and his character or attractions. No one could ever make me believe that a girl who marries solely for money does not scheme and work and perfect

fully disguised that your joy really came from showing off as captive to your charmer a man conspicuous and desired because of his wealth. Oh, you were a consummate actress. You played your role to perfection. If you had not dulled your finer sensibilities, you would blush and shrink now as you face yourself in the glass. You would remember the series of lies by which you led up to the climax, the colossal lie of your marriage. And you would see yourself the ignoble love hater, the blaspheming marriage desecrator that you are!

Insulting you? It is not your own fault that truth is an insult to you? How dare you talk of insult? What have you done to your sex? You have insulted it. You have degraded it. You have made of the most sacred contract a garment to cover the nakedness of your soul. You have sold yourself—for money, and dared to use the marriage ceremony to legitimize your deplorable sale. You have desecrated the shrine, and you want still to be admitted to its sacred privileges. Why, the woman who sells herself without the marriage ceremony has not your sin to her discredit.

## Mrs. Worry

Feared Something Would  
HappenBY  
C. A. VOIGHT

## Sandman Stories

For Just Before Bedtime

## SNOWBALL ADOPTS MIDNIGHT.

"WELL," said Snowball, as we looked out of doors, "this is certainly pretty bad weather. I think I had better put on my sweater if I am going into the city with master this morning." And Snowball was right; it was bad weather, for, neither snowing or raining, it was doing a little of both, and everything was covered with a glare of slippery, treacherous ice, and it was unusually cold. Kit and Puff looked with amazement when Snowball came out with the red collar of his sweater drawn as far as it would go up around his neck, completely covering his collar and partly covering his face.

"You are not going in town a morning like this?" they asked as Snowball started toward where the team was standing. "O yes," said Snowball. "I'm no fireball cat like you and some of the old tabbies around here. When I have work to do I don't let a little ice and a little cold weather drive me under the stove," and, dithering his tail rascally, he jumped up on the seat of the wagon to wait for his master.

In town there were a number of long waits while goods were being bought or delivered, and one of the longest of them was in a part of the town where Snowball did not remember of having ever been before. The houses were tumble

down in appearance, with here and there a blind swinging loosely on one hinge, and not a few windows from which the glass had been broken.

"This must be the slum district," said Snowball to himself, "and I suppose there may be some pretty tough characters round about here. I shall have to keep a sharper watch than usual to see that nothing is stolen from the wagon." While he was walking about trying to watch both sides of the wagon at once he heard a faint "Meow" from the ground, and going over to that side of the wagon from which the sound seemed to come, he saw the most disreputable little black kitten that he had ever seen. His little body was so small and poor that his head looked two sizes too large for him, and his eyes were all watery with tears as he looked up at Snowball and meowed again.

"What's the matter, kitten?" said Snowball, as he smoothed his moustache after he had finished. "Won't you have a little more." The kitten said he would and finished another saucer almost as quickly as he had the first one.

While the kitten was drinking the second saucer Snowball was over in the corner talking with his master and as the kitten finished Snowball said to him: "I have decided to take you along with me to my home out in the country if you would like to go." The kitten was quick to say that he would, and so Snowball helped him to get up on the seat of the wagon, his master took a corner of the horse blanket and wrapped around him and so with Snowball close beside him, Midnight, for that was what Snowball had already named him, because of his blackness, rode out into the country to his new home.

"Tastes pretty good, don't it?" said Snowball as he smoothed his moustache after he had finished. "Won't you have a little more." The kitten said he would and finished another saucer almost as quickly as he had the first one.

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## Minnie (Mrs. Amos) Makes Pete's Acquaintance

Drawn for The Times

By Sherman

